PIRATE CITIES OF MOROCCO

SALLI, WHERE THEY USED TO SELL CHRISTIAN SLAVES,

And Where New the Boast Is That No Christian Dwells-Moorish Boatmen -Beggar in Clover-Sale of Offices-Fast of Ramadan-Sights at Rabat.

RABAT, Morocco, Oct. 7 .- Where the River Bu Regreg, which drains a desert terland, slips its mite of yellow waters nto the waves of the blue Atlantic, there stand two Moorish cities that are particularly fascinating because they have defled for centuries the invasion of the Christian. Below the kasbah or citadel of Rabat on the southern shore is the only modern fortress in all Morocco, a fortification wilt by the Krupp company and mounted ith a pair of guns of fifteen inch calibre. Of these guns the Moors are very proud, but I doubt if they have men who could handle them.

From the deck of the ship that brings you to this port there is little of Rabat y an ancient fortress and the earthworks at one side, below, which are intended to make the modern cannon. The city itself lies in a hollow behind the rock and is hidden from view.

Tou may descend from your ship—when the sea is smooth—by a rope ladder into the twenty oared Moorish ark that has come over the bar and tied up alongside; or if you prefer the way of the nervous and the portly persons you may get into to be seen except the high rock surmounted

Salli, on the other bank of the river's and the portly persons you may get into

snarling and shouting over them and paying no attention to you. But even above the din a voice can be heard crying to Allah, and a bare backed beggar wearing only a loin cloth, slippers and a turban, a dark brown man, strikes your attention, seated directly in the middle of the gangway, whence no man sees fit to drive him away. He is blind and unpleasant to look upon. He may be one of the victims of the Sultan's cruelty, or it may be that one of the many uncontrolled diseases of the country has deprived him of his eyes. But his back is healthy looking and his lungs are undoubtedly sound. Surely he lives on better fare than the miserable workers who give him alms, a tithe of all they make, as the Prophet directed. And I should say that the scarcity of his covering was not due to want. The Moors are a gullible people.



and making the long cloaked figures upon the terraced roofs move like gluons against sercem.

At the time that the Krupp company of the Sharm and the Sarage and open the port of the Sharm and the What for?

At the time that the Krupp company of the Sharm and the Sarage and open the port of the Sharm and the Sarage and open the port of the Sharm and the Sarage and open the port of the Sharm and the Sarage and open the port of the Sharm and the Sha

GRAIN FROM THE COUNTRY IN A STREET IN RABOT.



MOORISH LADIES ENTERING THE GATES OF RABOT, THEIR HORSES LED BY SLAVES.

MOORISH BARBER AT WORK IN THE STREET.

Your ship is very near the shore before the Koran.

higher than the great enclosure.

The Same Door.

I.

flerce and feverish eagerness. Some-

mouth, obtrudes a prominent line of walls that can be seen many miles away. This whitened city, dividing the deep blue sky from the bluer ocean, is a sight that is not to be seen in duplicate. Perhaps there are fairer picture places, but there is no other that displays the wild, romantic civilization of these western Arabs in so characteristic a manner. It is weird to see this whitened line from afar off—a city unmistakably, though seeming to float upon the waves or hang above them from a cloudlees Eastern sky.

Your ship is very near the shore before

Your ship is very near the shore before the tall, square minaret of the great mosque, rising from the highest point of ground, breaks the halation of the glaring scene. But for this tower of brown and green and smaller towers that stand upon level ground about it Salli's white walls are unbroken to the view from the ocean. Not a "needle's eyemars the stretch along the sands; not a window opens from the houses that rise higher than the great enclosure.

It is no crime against the holy law to like to a Christian or to swindle him, so

higher than the great enclosure.

I have seen Salli too by night, with the huge moon of Africa climbing into the heavens behind her, silhouetting her square topped skyline of irregular heights of the crew do not intimidate you—

personal tag that leads to identity and discovery. SUPERSTITION "Well, I'm sure. doctor. nothing could be more doggedly and devotedly sense-

open ways of getting out were in plain sight." "Sit down, Jim, sit down," cried the little doctor, "and give me a short, suc-Dr. Achilles Blore, the eminent archæologist of Pierson College, was engrosced cinct report of this case from beginning to end, from the egg to the apple; only one evening in his quiet and secluded study. Before him were outspread and when you get to the apple don't forget piled the ancient parchments and vento give me the core, the precious core

erable tomes from which he was pleasur- of reversion to type." ably and leisurely educing material for "No one else seems to want it, doctor. for the archæologist's deductions and sug-When I told the captain about the incithe magnum opus of his own great career.

the magnum opus of his own great career. It was to be entitled "An Exhaustive Inquiry Into the Influence of Superstition on Human Thought and Action."

Somewhat like a voracious bird looked the little old doctor as he picked and snipped sustenance here and there with spected citizen. The old gentleman head spected citizen. The old gentleman had been found dead in his bed, dead from

flerce and feverish eagerness. Somewhat like a contemplative bird too he looked as he curled himself back in his chair, his bald head cocked to one side, for mental digestion.

"It goes back to the fear of the caveman," he mused, "who dreaded to leave the inner blackness for the outer darkness by any other way than that by which nesss by any other way than that by which intervals, as her chart showed.

Here, with the irritated flutter of a solitary bird disturbed, the doctor sprang from his chair and admitted the tall, solidierly young man whosh ad rapped.

"Wy oak is sported, Jim Lance," he station is the last throes and had grudgingly, "unless it is something witally important."

The face of the detective sergeant great and and the station of the post of the p

less than for a person to stop to break down a barred door when half a dozen

> gestions, and while he often did not understand the former he followed the latter

as the orders of a superior officer. "Find the person who chose to beat down a barred door when other means of egress were at hand and report to me," had

were at hand and report to the, had advised the doctor.

"Yes, sir," the detective had replied, "but how will I know him?"

"The person who did that once will do again," was the Napoleonic answer.

"Superstition is not a single, isolated incident, it is a fixed habit of both body and mind." and mind. When Lance returned to the Jaynes

When Lance returned to the Jaynes house he was received by Dr. Calder in a masterful way which did not altogether escape the detective's quick eye.

"The fact is," explained the physician, "the children are both ailing, and their mother, the young widow, Mrs. Lucas, you know, is so engrossed with them that she asked me to help straighten out all this confusion here while I was in attendance on them. What can I do for you, my good man?"

"The captain thought I had better browse and rummage about a bit to see

Then Lance told the incident of the barred door, which had been forced open, disregarded by the other investigators as trivial and irrelevant, yet now meal served by the silent and stolid old woman who had acted as housekeeper those prehistoric days when the cave man formed the habit of going out by the same why he had entered, a habit founded on fear and vitalized by the hope of good luck into a persistent and persisting the house have been had by the front door, but there were windows at the side and transmitting.

tok into a persistent and persisting out the noise have been and by the front door, but there were windows at the side and rear giving easy access to the garden.

Lance had the spirit as well as the earing of a soldier. He was slow of rear diving years logged far below, and the living years logged far below. bearing of a soldier. He was slow of reflection, but resourceful and efficient in As the detective paused on the second
execution. He had the utmost respect landing he heard a sharp click like that
of a lock or latch, and as he reached the top of the third stairs he heard the sound repeated.
"Has some one again passed and re-

passed through a door?" he mused.

The hall door to the governess's room was open, within the gas was lighted, and behind him. He opened a side door, turning back the spring lock. It connected with a narrow passage lined by closets leading to the front room. He closed this door. It shut with a sharp click, identical with the two clicks he had heard when

ascending.

Trivial, vet perplexing matters. As if for relief from them the detective turned to his formal task of searching; nor did the result belie his reputation as a finder the result belie his reputation as a finder. On moving a pile of old books on the top shelf of a closet he saw a circular mark showing that the paper had been fastened over the opening for a stovepipe. He cut out this paper with his knife and thrust in his hand and arm. He brought out-a legal looking document tied with a pink tape. It was indorsed, "The last will and testament of Marcus Jaynes."

Lance did know the rear stairs. At the doot of them was the door leading to the of his ready direction and help.

Young Mrs. Lucas, so strangely and unfairly deprived of her legal inheritance as niece and next of kin of Marcus Jaynes, soon learned to confide her anxieties to him, while even Mrs. Niggles, the house keeper, broke the taciturnity of years sufficiently to tell of the important part she must law in the identification of the missing heir. The old woman's story here. sufficiently to tell of the important part she must play in the identification of the missing heir. The old woman's story was presently verified in all its details.

One evening a party of gentlemen con-sisting of the lawyers, the executor and a strange young man arrived at the house and were ushered into the front parlor. The household assembled in the library directly in the rear. Through the connecting door the party entered, first the

necting door the party entered, first the lawyers, then the stranger, then the executor, closing it behind him.

The strange young man was slight and short. He was dressed in the height of fashion. His close shaven face was florid. His hair rolled back from his forehead in a theatric way. Pausing in the centre of the floor, he looked carefully around the assembled circle at one after another until his eyes came to Mrs. Niggles, and there they rested.

"I have seen you before," he said slowly. "I have seen you before," he said slowly, resting his hand on the old woman's arm.
"You took care of me when I was a little boy; you took care of my mother when she was so sick."

she was so sick was her name, then?" demanded Adele Clemons; she was an actress."

"Adele Clemons; she was an actress."
"Right. Did you keep your promise
to her, made on her deathbed?"
"To wear always the case she hung
about my neck, because it might prove
to be my fortune? Yes. I have it on now,
sewn together just as she gave it to me."
"Let me see; let me see."
"Let me see; let me see."
She took the little faded pocket. With
the scissors at her waist she clipped the
close stitches. She drew forth a bit of
yellow paper. She read it aloud as follows:

This boy is Anson Clemons, the

Marcus Jaynes of The Willows, and I am his

mother. Signed, ADELE CLEMONS. In the presence of Jane Niggles.

mother. Signed, Adele Clemons. In the presence of Jane Niggles.

"I saw this paper written by my dying mistress, Adele Clemons," declared the old woman. "I read it over; I signed it. There is her signature; there is mine. I swear it. Welcome to your lawful home. Anson Clemons."

After a little, when the florid congratulations of the men were over, Mrs. Lucas came timidly forward.

"I also want to congratulate you, Cousin Anson," she said. "From my heart I wish you every joy. May I and my little ones, who are still too ill to be moved, be trespassers on your hospitality? I shall be so grateful."

Beneath Clemons's florid face there was the pallor of intense feeling.
"Oh, my dear," he murmured, "I have heard so much of you. I have thought so much of you, I have thought so much of you, I have thought so much of you, I have thought so much of you will see that I have already provided for your trespass."

He turned impulsively to the open hall door. With a sudden start he whirled about and passed through the closed door which the resent the remark.

"You are beginning to see just as I too began to see?" asked a manly voice, it wait, and you will see that I have already provided for your trespass."

He turned impulsively to the open hall door. With a sudden start he whirled about and passed through the closed door to have such a recurring the hald door. What was there in this sign of nervous self-abort have been responsible that revived the hateful memories of the other man? "No, no, Ethel Lucas murmured. "It will never do. To have such a recurring shadow of that wretch would be nearly as bad as to have the wretch himself."

"You are beginning to see just as I too began to see?" asked a manly voice, will have been responsible that revived the hateful memories of the other man?

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"You are beginning to see just as I too began to see?" asked a manly voice, will have b

IV.

Thus brooding, thus condemning in the tribunal of her heart, Ethel Lucas sat one morning alone in the library. Clemons had gone out on some estate business and in a burst of gratitude she had

deferentially, only to have our salutation almost ignored. To Driss, who spoke to him in Arabic, he intimated that because of the prejudice of his people he would rather not be seen speaking with Europeans.

The Basha complied with our request and gave us two soldiers to accompany us to the other city and we were permitted to cross the river and plough our way over the sands to the twisting archways that form the gateway through the walls. Here we waited a few minutes till we got a third soldier: then, one armed man walking in front of us and two behind, we entered upon the sacred cobblestones of the one time pirate city.

The Salli rovers were for years the scourge of Christian merchantmen, and up to two centuries ago they plied their trade, which was deemed honorable among the Moors and carried with it the title of Amir-el-Bar, Lord of the Sea, from which comes our English word admiral. It has been only in recent years that Salli could be visited by Europeans and the inhabitants boast to-day that not a Christian lives within their sacred walls.

The streets, quite as narrow and ir-



regular as these of Rabat, but faced generally by better houses, were now not crowded because mest people who could afford to do so were sleeping during these days of fasting. Only little children in the care of youthful slave girls seemed to be abroad in the better residential quarter, and it is hard to say which of these the apparition of two Nazarenes in the care of soldiers most alarmed.

There was in every instance first a sur-

"Others? What others? Some one had "Others? What others? Some one had it the night your uncle was murdered, choosing to burst open the stair door that he might go out through the rear cellar, the way he had sneaked in. Some one had it just before I found the will in Miss Waltham's room. Some one had it a week ago when Mrs. Niggles recognized the heir. Listen! I know those steps along the hall. Some one will have it presently. Watch and see whether these some ones are not the same."

As love, passionate love, was the obvious cause of such a gift, so mutual love appeared to be its consequence. Ethel Lucas could not but perceive that this new cousin, perhaps through the starved longings of privation and ignominy, had astened his very soul upon her. She could not help but be grateful to him, appreciative of the prescience with which her tevery wish and thought. The romance of her life lay buried in her husband's grave; what difference would it make? Then too, there were the children, orphaned, dependent, deprived of their natural inheritance. Why should she not thus provide for them?

But yet—she shuddered even as she thought of consenting. That prescience of Anson Clemon's devotion, there was some thing uncanny about it. How did her, yes, to herself she would admit, it reminded her, yes, to herself she would admit, it reminded her of the clious attentions of one for whom death had craved the charity of forgetfulness.

Forget? No, she could never forget the persecutions she had endured from Dr. Calder, all the more unendurable because so tender and submissive. Like a dog he had grovelled at her feet, licking the dust before her, but like a dog there had luxed as county of them turned her against her real benefactor, her possible lover, because, oh because—

Thus brooding, thus condemning in the tribunal of her heart, Ethel Lucas sat one morning alone in the library. Clemons had gone out on some extents.

"Yes, yes; but he is dead; why should you care so much?"
"Don't you see that in losing everything

"Don't you see that in losing everything I lese you, my dear?".
"I see that in any case you are not in a fit state to meet trouble. You have been good to me, you are my cousin. I will believe you are my cousin. Come, there, anson, dear Anson, with me. We will glide through the parlor and up into my room. No one will see you, no one shall see you, I promise you. There you may rest, recover yourself; be able, yes, able to face the world triumphantly, perhaps not alone, who can teli?"

She stood helding the side door into the parlor invitingly open, a pretty, fasc'nat-

She stood holding the side door into the parlor invitingly open, a pretty, fasc nating, alluring picture. With a flush of exuitation, with a c y of rapture, he sprang forward, the wond well forgot. Then with the shadow of a thought he faltered hesitatingly, like one of a sudden feeling the drag of an old clog. Then he turned to the hall door.

"Just a minute, I will meet you. I want to go this way." he stammered.

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Lucas. "I know you. You are Dr. Calder."

With a groan the man passed through

you. You are Dr. Calder."
With a grown the man passed through the hall door and into the stout grasp of Jim Lance.